A. The Artest Artest Property of the Contract

Took Twelve to Do It After She Had Spread

Everybody who had business around Bleecker and Elm streets came to know Nellie and to take delight in the greeting of joyous barks and furious tail wagging which she welcomed her friends. She knew at a glance just who were her true friends. No guileful dogcatcher could get within a block of her, because, even if she chanced for a moment to be off her guard, there was always somewhere around a friendly cop who, knowing dogostohers, was accustomed in times of great peril to

"Scoot, Nelliel" And down the street or around the corner a red streak of dog would flash. In time the dogcatcher folk came to be peevish about this and to lay traps and plan ambushes. But the alertness of Nellie and the loyalty of her friends made all their

When the responsibilities of a family came to Nellie she was a good mother and a first rate provider, and her three pupples grew and thrived in the subway entrance and played with the night toilers who came

and played with the night toilers who came to call on them.

But though she had come to take life seriously, Nellie could not leave her past quite behind. The habits of prowling and adventuring in strange places were strong in her. So it happened that one night a few weeks ago she walked into a saloon in the Bowery, and wagging her tail in a friendly fashion at the bartender, lay down on the floor. And then a jealous cat, large and bellicose, insulted her, saying to her things which no lady, least of all a mother, could has in silence.

pass in silence.

When the barkeeper and his bungstarter brought a cessation of hostilities, Nellie limped home to the subbay with a torn tail and lacerated nose. They buried the cat next day with some regret. Whether this brought the thing that fell

Whether this brought the thing that fell upon her yesterday, no one knows. Connelli, mourning, could not tell. But just as the bells were clanging noon, she burst through the swinging doors of a saloon at Mulberry and Houston streets. Her eyes were redder than her hair and froth dripped from her mouth. Straight for the bar she leaped and a dozen men drinking there fied yelling. Of one she retained a section of striped trousers. The bartender departed in haste, with his sins for many years boiling in his mind. Nellie had the saloon to herself.

In front of 301 Mulberry street, just across the street from Police Headquarters, seven men sat in front of the newspaper offices. Out of the saloon door shot Nellie and made for them in a gallop, her legs twisting under her. The men ran for their lives, falling over one another in the scramble, and Nellie ran down two flights of stairs and made off down Mulberry street. At Houston she

ran down two flights of stairs and made off down Mulberry street. At Houston she turned west and ran to 166 Crosby.

In an excavation there men were putting in a boiler. Edward Peters of 140 North Tenth street, Brooklyn, was on his hands and knees working on a soaffolding of boards that ran around the boiler. Upon him there fell a snarling, teeth-gnashing dog. Peters yelled and sorambled up, kicking at the dog. In his haste he caught hands badly. The same pipe burned both Nellie and caused her to fall into the cellar, where James McGlynn of 96 Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, was working. She sprang at ladder to the open air.

She sprang at McGlynn, but he was quick and ran up a ladder to the open air.

Sountry dogs will do. We passed on and son the traders, and I made some friends among the traders, and I made some friends among the traders, and I made some friends among the traders, and they offered to help me out. I've only sent out two sets of letters and I haven't made any money yet, but I hope I'm going to cult.

"You see I got a list of 500 names of persons who might speculate. Most of the house have such a list and it's easy to get that the fault was with his vision and they offered to help me out. I've only sent out two sets of letters and I haven't made any money yet, but I hope I'm going to cult.

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McGlynn, but he was quick and ran up a ladder to the open air.

There Peters and McGlynn met Policemen Keyes and McGatt. Hundreds of others had already told the cops about the "mad dog" that had run through Houston street snapping at folks. There was a crowd outside, shaken by the peculiar fear that comes only when the cry of "mad dog" is raised.

Reves and McGatt drew their revolvers

dog" is raised.

Reyes and Moffatt drew their revolvers and climbed down to the scaffolding. They could see the red setter bitting at herself in the gloom of the cellar. Reyes fired five shots. The dog finched once or twice, but did not fall. Then Moffatt emptied his revolver and Nellie howled with the pain of another wound. Then, all their ammunition exhausted, the policemen horrowed another revolver. Moffatt shot twice more and at the last shot Nellie fell forward in a heap, quite dead.

Twelve shots had been fired at her. Five of these took effect. One bullet went

these took effect. One bullet went through her head, another through her

heart.

They pulled the body out with a rope and the offal wagon took it away. Then, last night Connelli came on duty and heard what had happened. He went back in the subway and picked up the three fat pups. There he sat for hours holding the wrigging little things close to him. It is not improbable that in his impulsive Neapolitan way he repeated the malediction that Nellie heard when she came to him months ago, only this time invoking the cholera ago, only this time invoking the cholera upon the killers of his Subway Nellie.

#### AUTOS? ASK THE MAYOR. But When It Comes to School Pianos, He's

Not an Expert, He Says. The Board of Education applied yesterday to the Board of Estimate for permission to contract for the purchase of a hundred pianos without being compelled to accept

There was some objection to the proposal. as it was stated in the discussion that one manufacturer who sold pianes to individual

purchasers at \$400 each was willing to sell forty of them to the city for \$250 each.

President Fornes of the Board of Aldermen said he thought \$250 rather high. He said that he had read in a paper of a certain make of piano offered in a department store which could be bought for \$124.99, \$5 down and \$1 a week. and \$1 a week.
"I think there must be a piano trust to

ask \$250 cash in bulk for them." he said.
Mayor McClellan said it did seem as if
music for the public school children came
rather high, but he was in favor of it. rather high, but he was in favor of it.

"But I'm not here, gentlemen of the board,
to pass on these pianos as an expert," said
the Mayor. "Now if it were a case of buying automobiles in bulk," as the President
of the Board of Aldermen has said, I would
be able to give competent evidence."

The board finally authorized the Board of
Education to buy such pianos as it wants
in whatever quantity it may need them.

#### FRAUD ALLEGED IN CIVIL SUIT. Manager of an Embroidery Firm Locked Up on Civit Process.

Arthur Alexandre, manager of the embroidery firm of L. de Maesner Company. 142 Fifth avenue, was locked up in Ludlow Street Jail yesterday, in default of \$5,000

Street Jail yesterday, in default of \$5,000 hail, on a civil process signed by Justice Giegerich at the instance of Leopold Grinberg, banker of 271 Broadway, who is suing Alexandre to recover \$4,706.

Grinberg alleges that since March, 1903, his firm has been discounting notes for Alexandre's concern on representations made by Alexandre that the L. de Massner Company was in a programment of condition.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Say, officer, I want to apologize for asking you a foolish question," said a man to a cop on one of lower Broadway's busiest crossings. "I know you are pestered almost to death with questions, but where can I get the correct time? My watch Terror in Mulberry Street—Maybe a Consequence of a Bout With a Saloen Cat—She Had Friends Who'll Miss Her.

Subway Nellie is dead, and down in the subway entrance at Bleecker and Elm streets three little Nellies with their mamma's sorrowful brown eyes and red hair howled plaintively last night.

Nellie was an Irish setter of patrician birth and aristocratic connections. Hard luck and a Bohemian temperament brought her, about six months ago, hungry and bedraggled, to the subway entrance, and at that very moment Ignatius Connelli, who watches there at night, was cursing fluently certain ones who had poisoned his own dog. Nellie saw him and flirted with him, sidling up and wagging her still handsome tail. Connelli ceased lamenting, took her in, fed her and led her by degrees to a life approaching respectability.

Everybody who had business around the leaves and Elm streets came to know. stopped in Brooklyn this afternoon and I

"My St. Bernard," said the suburbanite, takes his cold bath every morning as regularly as you or I. At 5 o'clock every morning the big fellow walks with deliberation into the fountain and enjoys a pro-longed and thorough wash. Thereafter, throughout the day, he lies about in the shade and like all of his kind seems to feel

shade and like all of his kind seems to feel the heat intensely.

"I had an idea that a dog would seek the water in hot weather whenever it had the opportunity to do so, but the conduct of my St. Bernard has banished the notion. No human being could be more methodical in taking the water cure than the dog is. Early daylight, according to the St. Bernard, is the time to obtain the most benefit from a dip. After that hour it will pant and swelter in the heat in evident discomfort, but it never goes into the fountain in order to cool off."

a dip. After that hour it will pant and swelter in the heat in evident disconfort, in the tries in evident disconforts to cool off."

In front of a sporting goods store in to cool off."

In front of a sporting goods store in corlandt street the other day was a big cance consigned to President Theodore deconsigned to President Theodore why there are sormany men go into the market blindly and without knowledge of what is going on among the operators. Consequently in west of the market blindly and without knowledge of what is going on among the operators. Consequently in meanding the part of the consigned to the deal day, probable for advertising pursues of the consigned to the deal day, probable for advertising pursues. Any how, the President's name in big black letters on the canvas packing was the source of a lot of gossip.

Extremes meet in the crowds that flock from the trains that pull into the Grand Central Station.

The new brougham borse won't do, do John, said one wife. "Even if it did cost by you \$600, I won't use it and you must get another one right away."

"In the station of the construction of the coming movements of active stocks. This information is desire to distribute among for small it will be another of shares they have bought with the state of the construction of the coming movements of active stocks. This information is set to distribute among for small it will be an interest of active stocks. This information is set to distribute among for small it will be an interest of active stocks. This information is set to distribute among for small interest of a circumstance o

Deputy Sheriff Who Shot at Auto May Be Prosecuted.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., July 22.-John Foley Jr., of Brooklyn, who with two friends was in the automobile that was fired at in East Main street last Sunday by Deputy Sheriff Sherman F. Wicks for an alleged refusal of the occupants to submit to arrest, was arraigned before Justice John R. Vunk to-day on a charge of violating the automobile speed law. The court room was crowded and most of those present were evidently sympathizers with Foley. The hearing ended with the acquittal of Foley and he received an ovation as he left the court room.

At the opening of the case George H.

Furman of counsel for Foley announced that his client would waive his right to a jury, and the panel was discharged. Only two witnesses were examined

These were James Buxton and Leonard Still, who were timekeepers for Wicks on Sunday. They were stationed at a distance from each other, supposed to be one-sixteenth of a mile, and the passing

one-sixteenth of a mile, and the passing automobilists were timed on this course. Neither of the witnesses could say positively that the measurement was correct. When an automobile passed an imaginary line at one end of the course, the man there took off his hat and waved it as a signal to the timekeeper at the other end.

When the two timekeepers had concluded their testimony Mr. Furman moved that the defendant be discharged on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to convict, and the Justice discharged Mr. Foley. There was a demonstration of approval, and nearly everybody in the court room wanted to shake hands with the defendant.

Among those in the court room were two Among those in the court room were two representatives of the Automobile Club of America, Secretary Butler and a lawyer. There is a rumor that the club will institute roceedings against Wicks. Sheriff Preston has been here two days

Sheriff Freston has been here two days making an investigation, and it is the general opinion that he will remove Wicks for firing at the automobile.

There is a report that Foley and the two friends who were with him in the autowhen Wicks blazed away at it will begin criminal proceedings against Wicks, but this cannot be confirmed.

SILENT AS TO HIS CLIENT.

Lawyer Bien Will Not Tell About Gardner Whe's Suing Marconi Company.

Franklin Bien, who appears as counsel for Henry Gardner in the latter's suit in the Supreme Court to have the Marconi Wireess Telegraph Company adjudged insol vent and a receiver named, declined positively yesterday, at a hearing before Justice Fitzgerald, to disclose the identity of his mysterious client or to tell Gardner's address and occupation.

The hearing was on a motion made by Guthrie, Cravath & Henderson, for the Marconi company, to compel Bien to reveal ome particulars concerning Gardner. The some particulars contenting cardine. The company's lawyers denounce his suit as another Peter Power case and say that the company is thoroughly solvent. They want to examine Gardner or else make him give security for the costs of his action. They have been unable to find any trace of him.

him.

Lawyer Bien declared yesterday that the court was powerless to force him to reveal his client's address and occupation. He said that the company, in its answer, could deny Gardner's existence and so weeks an issue. make an issue.

Justice Fitzgerald took the papers and reserved decision.

### WOMAN WITH WALL ST. TIPS

THEY'RE YOURS FOR ONLY SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

a Scient List of Possible Customers—If You Like, You Can Pay \$10 Outright and Take Your Chances.

Persons in this town have been getting etters recently, signed with the names of women offering tips on the stock market. These letters have read pretty much the same, although the signatures have been The writer lays stress on the fact that she's

in need of assistance and doesn't the recipient of the letter want to help her? If he does she'll put him right on certain stocks in return for which he is asked to carry 25 per cent. of the investment he makes in them, in her name, and give her her share of the profits, the writer agreeing to let him know when it is time to buy and

If this arrangement isn't satisfactory, the announcement is made that \$10 will get the

An Italian who runs a bootblack stand in a downtown office building has received several such letters a week. All of them bore different signatures. It so happens that this Italian dropped \$5,000 last winter in the Street. One of the letters fell into the hands of

THE SUN. This is the way it reads:

July 13, 1904 DEAR SIR: Would you render assistance to a young woman if the same young woman could be of great aid to you financially? If so, consider me the applicant. Believing that most gentlemen of means and social standing frequently investsome of their capital in a secondary on the New York Stock. tal in speculation on the New York Stock market in Wall Street, I presumed you might

to get anything out of it.

"I have no way of telling whether they really do put any stock in my name or not. I get them to say they will and then I give them the information. Quite a number agreed to do that, and I expect to make some money when I close the deal. By that I mean when I give orders to sell. I haven't done that yet in any of the stocks I've given information about. One was Mexican National. Some of my customers got in that when it was way down and they stand to make a lot. The moment my friends downtown tell me to, of course, I'll wire to all my customers to sell. I don't get a cent until then.

"It's true I did offer in that letter to give information for \$10, but everybody pre-

"It's true I did offer in that letter to give information for \$10, but everybody preferred to carry stocks for me, and give me the profits on those stocks when sold. I don't know where they place their orders. I simply put them on their honor to treat me fairly if they make anything.

"Anyway, nobody has lost anything through me yet, as every stock I've said anything about has gone up."

Miss Conklin was very confident last night that the scheme was very sound both for her and her "customers."

DETECTED THE DETECTIVE. Maloney Just Fitted the Picture of the Man He Was Looking For.

Detective Sergeant John J. Maloney while sleuthing for a man yesterday was mistaken for the man and a brother officer came on the jump to arrest him.

Somebody in the forenoon amused

himself by ordering materials to be sent to the Astor House which the management didn't need. At the store of the John Simmons Company, 101 Centre street, he ordered a dozen costly engineer's wrenches of complicated design and some pipe, out into five foot lengths. He said his name was Cook and he was chief engineer at the Astor House. Later he ordered a dozen saws from Patterson Bros., hardware dealers at 27 Park row. He was particular that the saws should be delivered at the Astor House before 3 o'clock. The firms communicated with the Astor House and each gave a description of the man. They said he was about 40 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighed 150 pounds, had a sandy mustache and was dressed in a blue serge coat, striped trousers and a straw hat. This description made trouble later.

and was dressed in a blue serge coat, striped trousers and a straw hat. This description made trouble later.

The Astor House people decided to head the man off before he got to sending whole engines and boilers, and went to the Church street station, where Detective Sergeants James P. McCormack and Maloney were assigned to the case.

Maloney went to the Patterson Bros. store to see if the man would call for the saws, while McCormack, with Manager Judd and House Detective Sanderson, lay in wait at the Astor House. To them came running a clerk from the store.

"We've got him! Come, quick," he panted and led the sprint back.

"Where is he?" asked McCormack, who arrived first. "That's him," said a clerk who had been detailed to keep his eye on the crook. "Grab him." He pointed to Maloney.

"Wall I wondered what you were all

Well. I wondered what you were all

watching me so closely for," said Maloney.
"The description fits me all right; but, say,
what would you have done if I'd tried to Brooklyn to Have a Few Repairs.

The Board of Estimate appropriated \$10,000 yesterday for the repair of the Brooklyn Court House and \$2,000 for repairing the coping of the Borough Hall. The appropristions were granted after Borough President Littleton had said that several pieces of the outer covering of the dyme have recently fallen, to the danger of piople walking in the street.

A Mother's Record of Social Triumph. We feel ourselves under obligations to the anonymous author of "The Highroad: Being the Autobiography of an Ambitious Mother" (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago). This mother is either very frank or very ingenious. Her story is interesting, whether it is true or whether it is invention. We ourselves have profited by our considerable habit of novel reading, and we are quite willing to believe every word of it. The author's brief statement, in the way of a preface, of what she was and what she did, will fascinate the reader.

"They call me," she says, "the most sucessful mother in New York. This summer, with my tall Jane in her honeymoon, I am left alone, and I am taking a holiday in the house where I was born, in West Virginia in the hills. As I walk through the fields, poor, grown up in ragweed and the white et that I used to gather for 'bitters' when I was a child, and realize that I am the mother-in-law of (1) an Ambassador. (2) an Earl with old Elizabethan houses mellowing in the English sunshine. (8) brilliant New York lawyer who may become anything-and is now rich and well bornand (4) one of the greatest of American heiresses, my sense of humor is aroused."

Her sense and power of humor are responsible for a great deal of the delight that is in the story. She proceeds: "I am on the sunny side of 50. Once I walked barefoot in the furrows of the very field where I am writing this, and dropped potatoes before my father's hoe! Sometimes in these late years, when I have read the newspaper accounts of my 'old Virginia family,' it was hard to keep my face straight.

But I did."
She knew how to control, when it was wise to do so, the faculty that she exercises so fortunately in the narrative. "In this world," she tells us, "the successful always keep their faces straight. I have heard people who have not the power to do so at the important moment bitterly declare that success comes only to those who lack a sense of humor. It sometimes comes to those lacking that best sense, that complement of the other five, but rarely. The true secret of power is to see your actions in every light and then to choose the point of view which you will stand by and from which you will cause others to see you. Success does not consist altogether in secing, but in being seen. But I will confess that I never encouraged a sense of humor in my girls. They never knew that we and our pretentions were altogether silly.

The earl days in Fowlersburg in West Virginia are well and ruthlessly described. The uthor's husband came from Pennsylvania. He was lank and red haired. He had a "chin beard" and kept a store. The early literary bias of the author is signi cant. "I cannot read novels now," she says, "but in those days I read Augusta J. Evans, Sir Walter Scott sometimes (I found him too remote, though interesting at times), Disraeli, G. P. R. James and any other book which told of people of wealth and position. They were text books to me. I have sometimes wondered why I did no find 'Vanity Fair' a great book. I always though locky Sharp a fool. Clever people hold their own. They make the world respect them, and they are seldom found out. I had no advantages of education, not even Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, but I could teach Becky Sharp things that neither she nor her creator ever dreamed

and we cannot see why the chronicle of distinguished success that follows is not a demonstration of the truth of it. Thackeray had to take his chances with the rest, and we believe that we can understand his comparative failure. "Of them all," our author continues, "I liked Disraeli best. He wrote of high life that he had actually seen. For every crumb of information concerning it I was eager and hungering."

Disraeli was a variation upon another general in the author's early home. "It is impossible," she writes, "to tell this generation anything about the fascination of the old New York Ledger. My father and mother found sufficient amusement in keeping four intricate plots in their heads from week to week. I believe that not half as many farmers' wives went to the insane asylum in the days of the Ledger. I remember once going up home (my father' house was always 'home') and finding father churning, with half the Ledger in one hand while he worked the dasher up and down with the other, and mother kneading bread, with the other half of the paper propped up behind the bread board. They always cut it in two when it came, and drew straws which should have the part containing Mrs. Southworth's story. When they had finished it I borrowed i

and read it myself." When the author's husband died she set out with the four children upon a European career. She records the state of her pecuniary affairs at that time. "After my husband was buried," she writes, "I insisted upon having the stores sold and everything put into safe securities, so that I knew my income exactly. I found that I had from that source \$3,200 a year. That was all. I had expected to have at the very least \$12,000; and had not the wild lands and certain railroad concessions (if that is what they are called) been purchased, I should have had that. Outside of this income was the life insurance policy for

\$40,000, for my sole benefit." Not a bad provision for a Fowlersburg widow, and the author's feeling of disappointment was not warranted. The truth the departed Pennsylvanian with the chin beard was a fortune builder. The "wild lands" had coal in their bowels, and represented millions; but it was later, after the widow's great social successes, that that crowning fact became known and available. As she was sailing, her thoughts were bent upon economy. She refers to this period with a humor that was quite possible in the retrospect. "I could cry now," she tells us, "at the pathos of my belief in the things I read. One of these, that was repeated so often that I never thought of questioning it, was that living on 'the continent' was cheap. Whenever my English families in the novels became hard up, they always went to the cheap places abroad to economize. I have never discovered any place on the globe any cheaper than Fowlersburg, West Virginia. They say that there are some villages in Virginia and Georgia that are cheaper, places where you can buy a broiler for ten cents and have a large washing done for twenty-five. In Fowlersburg a day's washing cost fifty cents in those days. I believe they ask seventy-five in these." She and the children sailed from Baltimore for Bremen. The \$40,000 of life insurance was allowed to add its \$1,500 of interest to the widow's income for the time, but her mind was made up that it should be spent to launch her girls when the opportunity presented itself.

In Lausanne M. Prolmann, a Hungarian nobleman, who had renounced his titles, was of great assistance to our widow. The account of how she got along under his inselfish direction is full of interest. In Paris, where her girls were in a convent, she procured an idealized pretrait of her mother. "My mother," she records, "died

the last year I was in Lausanne, and my father wrote me a letter and sent me a cray-on portrait he had had 'enlarged' from an old photograph. It was a dreadful thing, but it could not quite destroy my mother's maiden prettiness and gentleness of ex-pression. I took the paper out of the hide-ous plaster and gilt frame in which it arrived, and I carefully wiped out all of the drawing except the face, and that I smirched. Then I took it to a clever young artist in Paris and told him that my only portrait of my mother had been destroyed. asked him to paint a portrait from this remnant. I brought to him an old fashoned silk gown, a lace fichu smelling o rose leaves, and a tiny satin shoe, all of which I purchased in a shop on the hill leading up to Montmartre. I told him that these were hers, showing the delicate character of my mother, which I knew that his art could reproduce. He created a lovely creature sitting meekly behind the frame." The reader can think how like it must have been to the West Virginia lady who read the Ledger as she kneaded the bread.

The story contains many revelations of the sort. Our ambitious mother needed to be clever, and she could not afford to be quite scrupulous. The reader will be interested by her anecdotes, comments and philosophical observations. "We went down to dinner and ate the daily French dishes, which are stale and stupid enough. The English have given the French a reputation for being wonderful cooks-because they know how to make bread and mayonnaise, and have the wit to keep fresh olive oil in the house. In reality French cooking is only really fine when it is done for Americans." "If there is a more forlorn and lonely place on earth than London in August I do not know where it can be. The pavements are torn up, the streets small, the people hideous. There is never, never a time when Paris is not delightful. In the summer in the dullest days, if you are the possessor of but a handful of copper sous, you may take one of the little boats and go up the Seine and be amused all the way. A little vineclad balcony at a river restaurant will be like a scene in a theatre.

"A girl in a white frook with a red hat will lean over a table to talk to a young man. The French are artists from the highest to the lowest. If I am ever an outcast, with not a soul to speak to in all the world, I shall go to Paris and be comparatively happy in the contemplation of joyous, cynical, artistic life. But London is as stodgy as her puttylike bread." have never been many families in Britain who were truly of the haut, in spirit or tastee. The present royal family is most distressingly middle class. Queen Alex-andra's favorite amusement is copying portraits of her family on teacups very badly—and taking photographs of her daughters (very bad) with their heads on their husband's shoulders."

The book tells just how all the fine marriages of the author's children were achieved. The narrative is curious and will keep the reader fully entertained.

Mr. Belies Discovers Villon and Ronsard Mr. Hilaire Belloc seems to have cast in his lot with the noisy band of notorietyat-any-cost writers in England of whom we are getting a surfeit. It is hard to believe that his "Avril, Being Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is intended as a laborious parody on school text books with their introductions and notes, but it is harder still to imagine that Mr. Belloc should try to make the British public believe that he has discovered Charles d'Orléans and Villon, Marot, Ronsard, Josehim du Bellay and Malherbe. Mr. Austin Dobson turned to English models some time ago and Mr. Andrew Lang prefers now to write introductions, but surely what they and countless others tried with French forms, ballads, rondeaux, triolets and the rest, has not been forgotten. We were threatened not so many years since with an overdose of

He has put together a few specimens relected at random apparently, from the six poets mentioned above. "But if you ask me why in the Renaissance these six poets alone," he says in his pretentious prefce, "should have formed the subject of my first endeavor, I can only tell you that in so vast a province, Chance, that happy goddess, led me at random to their groves. Chance, we imagine, represents here a dip into any modern school anthology of French poetry, where the six poets will be found all together in a very few pages.

Mr. Belloc's introductions contain com monplaces of literary history that call for no great scholarship; many of his notes are ludicrously elementary; his selections are either haphazard or else indicate no great taste on his part, and the comments on the poems serve only to intrude Mr. Belloc's personality and impressions where the reader would prefer to be left alone with

It is an astonishing book to appear, even in England, after so much scientific work has been done on these French poets and after so much has been written about them. But the principle of the new school seems to be to ignore everything that went before them, with generally pretty inept results.

Various questions arising from the war between Japan and Russia are discussed from the point of view of international law by Dr. T. J. Lawrence, lecturer at the Greenwich Royal Naval College in "War and Neutrality in the Tar East" (Macmil-The lectures that make up the book were delivered after the outbreak of the war, and the points considered are therefore of immediate interest. The reade cannot help noticing what an intangible and negative idea "international law" is and what slight hold many of its principles have when applied to the solution of concrete cases. We have here a clear statement of the discussions and lack of agreement on what is contrabrand of war and a timely exposition of the views taken concerning mail steamers. While the United States has consistently allowed the mails to pass unmolested and Great Britain naturally should take the same view, in a very recent case, the Venezuelan blockade, the latter Power has created the awkward precedent of interfering with the mails on neutral ships.

Pethos and huror will be found in the entertaining tales of school life written for the School Journal by Mr. C. W. Bardeen and collected under the title "Fifty-five Years Old and Other Stories About Teachers" (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse). While the theme is drawn from incidents in schoolteachers' experience, the setting is an American country village and we get charmingly vivid and truthful glimpses of life and people. Copyright in some way seems to have

missed the late George Gissing's "New Grub Street." At any rate it comes to us in a new, well printed and convenient edition from C. A. Brewster, Troy, N. Y. People have att ached names to some of Gissing's characters, but the book needs no scandal to he lp it; it is a well done if painful picture of literary life in London. Count Tolstoy's "What is Art?" is published

PUBLICATIONS.

Midsummer Holiday Number

## CENTURY

No issue of any magazine ever surpassed in beauty and interest the eight superb examples of color printing shown in this number. Four are by Maxield Parrish, two by Knight, one by Fenn and one by Miss Betts-all representing out-of-door life and pleasures. Castaigne's eight great pictures of the St. Louis Fair are also in this number. The striking colored cover challenges attention.

Russia in War-Time | Colossal Bridges of Utah Another anecdotal paper by Andrew A remarkable discovery of three ence-D. White on his experiences while mous natural bridges in Utah. Drawan attache at St. Petersburg during the ings of all by Fenn after photographs.

Crimean War.

A wonderfully interesting account.

### Outdoor and Holiday Features

The Belle of the Colony.

Visiting in Country Houses, by Eliot Gregory. Illustrated. The New Coney Island, by Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated.

by A. B. Casselman. Illustrated.

Summer Splendors of the Chinese Court, by Minnle Norton Wood. Illustrated.

What Do Animals Know? by John Ber-

roughs. The Old and Novel Sport of Archery, Lombard Villas, by Edith Wharton. Illes

**Entertaining Summer Fiction** 

There is not enough humor in these five stories to exhaust one, but there is great plenty for hot-weather reading. One is by the author of "In the Bishop's Carriage." It deals with that family of mischievous but very human children. "The Madigans." The "Susan Clegg" stories are something more than amusing-another one this month. The droll story by Maurice F. Egan, "The Reign of Sentiment," reintroduces "herself" and "the biggest liar in North America." There are two others and the great serials, "The Sea-Wolf" and "The Youth of Washington." It will be hard to equal The Century for

# AUGUST

## THE BOOK TO READ! OUR POLITICAL DRAMA

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lation by Mr. Aylmer Maude (Funk & Wagnalis Co.). It is inevitable that, taking the stand he does, Tolstoy should arrive at the conclusions he offers with regard to art. There is plenty of truth in his ploture of corruption and decadence in modern painting and sculpture and music and literature; but does he not take the latterday Parisians from Baudelaire to Count de Montesquiou-Fezensac, too seriously, and would not his arguments receive more

Villon, and some of that literature must attention if he restricted himself to what ally great in art and literatu A second volume of Mrs. R. L. Devonshire's "Life and Letters of H. Taine" (E. P. Dutton Co.) covers the years from 1853 to 1870. High as Taine stood as a critic there was nothing sympathetic in his personality and his career was narrowly academic. The translation is conscientious, but very stiff. We can't help wondering whether it was worth translating the letters at all, as what charm they have must lie

> in Taine's own French. The second series of American "Historical prepared by Mr. Charles Morris (J. B. Lippincott Company) deals almost wholly with the South. The stories range from the "Lost Colony of Roanoke" and Capt. John Smith, from Clark in the North-west and the taking of the Alamo, to Morgan's Raid and Stonewall Jackson at Chan-cellorsville. Some are mere anecdotes or descriptions, but most are stories that are

descriptions, but most are stories that are well worth telling.

Unusually interesting to the general reader is the second volume of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's "Pioneer Roads" in his excellent series of books on the "Historic Highways of America" (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland), on account of the descriptions given by travellers of their experiences on these roads. The first of Mr. Hulbert's travellers is George Washington, the last Charles Dickens.

their experiences on these roads. The first of Mr. Hulbert's travellers is George Washington, the last Charles Dickens.

Volume 15 of "The Philippine Islands: 1493-1898," edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson (The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland), brings us to the year 1609 and has the advantage of presenting one long, continuous account of doings. This is a translation of "Sucesce de las Islas Filipinas," by Antonio de Morga, a high official in the islands at the end of the sixteenth century. In the appendix we find an abstract of Cavendish's circumnavigation of the world and one of the Dutch explorations.

Still another important series of historical books published by The Arthur H. Clark Company is increased by a new volume. Prof. Reuben Gold Thwaites's "Early Western Travels: 1748-1846." Volume 5 ef this set contains "Travels in the Interior of America in the Years 1809, 1810 and 1811," by John Bradbury. The author, an English botanist, accompanied the Astoria expedition as far as the headwaters of the Missouri, and gives a vivid description of the wilderness back of St. Louis. Later he travelled through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois when the immigrants were rushing into those new lands. He was on the Mississippi at the time of the New Madrid earthquake. His book is one of those real stories of Indians and adventure that would interest boys far more than fiction if they could only get at it.

interest boys far more than fiction if they could only get at it.

It is in English society only, we imagine, that conjuring tricks are still used to amuse the company, and it must be for a British public that Prof. Hoffmann's "Modern Magic" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has been prepared. Of course, it may be intended for professional magicians as well, but that seems hardly likely. The tricks are very ingenious, the directions are clear, and, in spite of the intricacy of many of the performances, all may be executed if the author's instructions are followed.

A really good book on the use of tools has been written by Mr. John Wright in "The Home Mechanic" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is an English book, and some few terms

"The Home Mechanic" (E.P. Dutton & Co.). It is an English book, and some few terms may be puzzling to Americans, but clear language is used in explanation and the instructions are thoroughly practical. The book is intended for boys and other amateurs, and they, we suppose, are the persons most likely to turn to books for directions, but any one who is called upon to use mechanical tools, from a nail and hammer to a steam engine, may derive profit from Mr. Wright's clear instructions.

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